



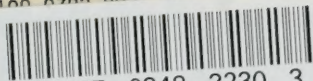


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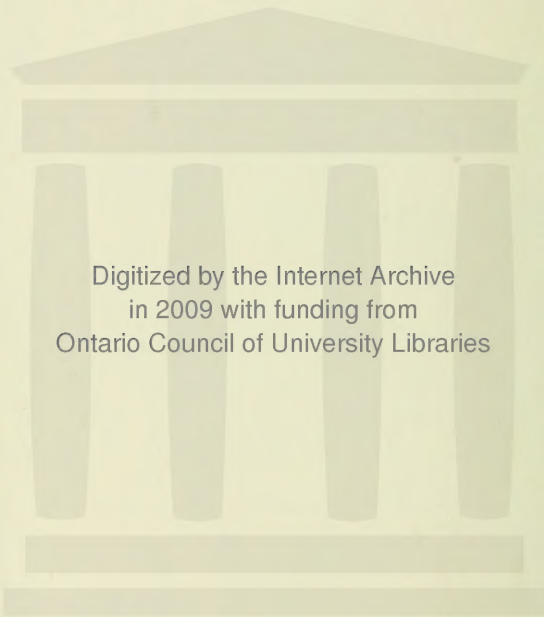
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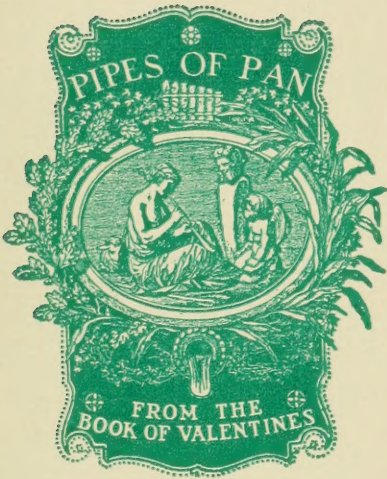
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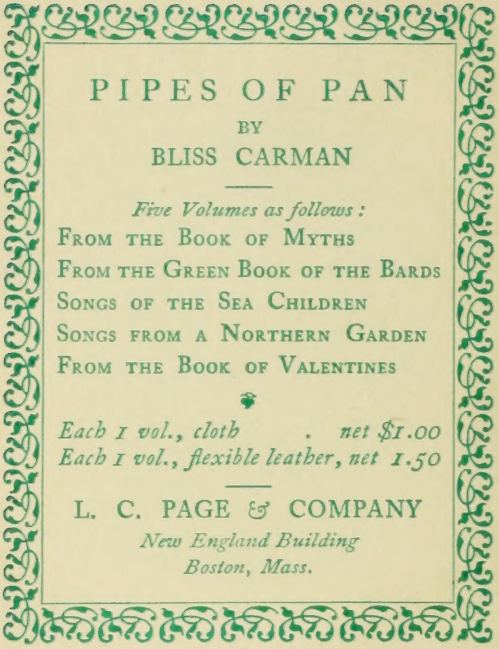


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*Number Five*

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BY  
**BLISS CARMAN**  
AUTHOR OF "PIPES OF PAN,"  
"SAPPHO," "THE KINSHIP  
OF NATURE," "THE  
FRIENDSHIP OF  
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## BALLAD OF THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS.

In a Kingdom long ago, as the story comes to me,  
There lived a sturdy folk by the borders of the  
sea;

The snow-tipped mountains behind them guard-  
ing the East and the North,

While open to Southward and Westward, were  
the sea-gates bidding them forth.

Launching their boats through the breakers,  
casting their nets in the tide,

The sea had given them daring, strength and  
endurance and pride;

Watching their sheep with the eagles on many a  
lonely hill,

The stars had given them knowledge and insight  
and ghostly skill;  
For wisdom comes to the waiting as water comes  
to a mill,  
From unsluiced sources of silence where the chat-  
ter of life grows still.

I.

Over this sturdy people there ruled without  
favour or greed  
A man with the arm and heart of the olden  
kingly breed.  
There was never a sport nor contest, there was  
never a horse to tame,  
But the King would meet all comers, and was  
ever first in the game.  
A speaker of truth to all men, he carried his will  
with a word;  
And Justice dwelt in his borders, nor ever un-  
sheathed her sword.

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Likable, open and reckless, he neither bullied nor  
feared,

When over the rim of his empire threatening  
danger appeared,

But in the face of his council laughed in his  
yellow beard.

Yet his light-heart ways were a scandal to the  
seemly and the sage,

He would turn from the weightiest business to  
rally a love-sick page,

Twitting him for a laggard, making him blush  
with a jest,

Shaming him for a waster by the good wine  
spilt on his vest.

Never a band of minstrels passed, but he bade  
them in,

Haling the lads by the shoulder, taking the maids  
by the chin;



Till the courtyard gleamed with motley, and the  
palace rang with din.

Courtiers lived on his bounty, lights-of-love  
supped at his board.

Merry the time he gave them, priceless the wine  
he poured,

Lavish of all his substance for the gay and care-  
less horde;

Till long lips groaning abhorrence had evil things  
to foretell.

But always the children loved him, and the  
women — passing well.

II.

So time wore on, and the King awoke one day  
with a start,

To hear a strange new whisper of discontent in  
his heart.

Pleasure he had in plenty, health, and companions,  
and power;

Yet what is all this life but a void and empty  
hour?

Fair was the golden morning with April over  
the hill.

He strolled to the gate of the palace and stood  
there grave and still,

Watching the mountain shadows, then shut his  
teeth on his will.

“Bring me a horse,” he ordered. They saddled  
his favourite bay;

And down through the watered valley the young  
King rode away;

Down through the flowery orchards, where the  
river babbles and shines,

Past ford and smithy and farm, and up where the  
narrowing lines

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Of tillage and pasture vanish in the dusk of the  
purple pines.

How speculation and rumour fluttered his folk  
that day!

“Who can fathom his fancies? Mad as a hare!”  
said they.

In a cleft of the solemn mountains, like a thought  
in earth's green heart,

Stood a hospice of recluse men, quiet, secluded,  
apart,

Having forgotten the world and left distraction  
behind,

For care of the troublous want and hunger of the  
mind.

There as the night was falling, the King on his  
red mare came,

And they have welcomed the stranger, asking not  
station nor name.

Who bides at the house of God needs neither  
money nor fame.

Never an eyelid flickered, never a word betrayed  
They knew the habit and bearing accustomed to  
be obeyed ;

But after the rule of their order, equal in every-  
thing,

With kingly love for a brother the brothers served  
their King.

They gave him his seat at table, cell and habit  
and stall.

The scanty fare and the hours of prayer, meekly  
he took them all ;

Nor ever they found him wanting in duties great  
or small.

Lowly he sat before them and many a lecture  
heard,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Questioned and reasoned and listened, argued,  
proved and conferred,  
And by many a lonely candle pondered the printed  
word.

Daily the power of knowledge grew and spread  
in his face;  
Daily the look of the scholar glowed with a finer  
trace;  
Daily the tan-flush faded and ever he grew in  
grace,  
As understanding within him climbed to her law-  
ful place.

So from the man of sinew they made a student  
at last,  
Thoughtful and grave as he had been brave; till,  
lo, three years had passed,  
And the young King yawned one day, stretching  
himself in the sun,



And murmured: " Now let's see what their book-learning has done!

The arms grow feeble, alack! The foot and eye grow slow;

Let's put their lore to the test. Good friends, this day I go."

So said, so done. Mused the Brothers, watching him down the hill:

" Feeble must be our virtue, if this hope comes to ill."

They saw him lost in dust; and the sundown's dying rose

Kindled their lofty hill-crest in its eternal snows.

III.

Now well the Kingdom prospered while the young King was away,

For wise were the heads of his council, leaders of men in their day,

Stubborn at fronting clamour, strong to govern  
and sway,  
Of tested honour and flawless tried in the world's  
assay.

Yet there was joy at his coming, throngs that  
laughed with delight,  
Cheers as he passed and waving, children held in  
his sight,  
Flags hung out at the windows, and bonfires lit  
in the night.  
Comrades met on the corner, cronies talked in  
the door,  
"The merry times are returning; we shall have  
revels once more."

But they reckoned without their host, if they  
thought the glorious days  
Of the King's wild youth had returned with their  
drinking and masques and plays.

Sober he sat at council, wisely he judged and  
decreed,  
Till the frivolous gaped and muttered: "A  
paragon indeed!"

Tireless, toiling and thoughtful, steadfast, kingly  
and tall,  
But lonely he lived, unloving, blameless before  
them all,  
With never a rose in his bower nor a bosom-  
friend in his hall.

And ever his brow grew whiter, his eye more  
hungry bright,  
For the blessing of peace escaped him, though he  
toiled by day and night.  
By lamplight and daylight he laboured, till his  
visage grew lean and grim,  
While his people saw and wondered, and their  
hearts went out to him.

So he strove for a year or more, and never was  
seen to fail

In the least or the greatest matter where dili-  
gence might avail.

Yet ever he grew more restless, and ever his  
cheek more pale.

IV.

Now it chanced on another morning like that  
when he rode away,

The King must come to his seaboard, where a  
foreign galleon lay,

Black hull and gleaming canvas, with her decks  
in trim array;

Long and graceful and speedy as a flying fish  
was she,

Showing the scarlet pennon of the gypsies of the  
sea.

There in a dream he stood; watching the surf  
and the sand;

Then all of a sudden he laughed, as the rowers  
rowed to land.

“God of my fathers,” he cried. “What manner  
of fool am I?

A landsman all my life, a sea-king will I die.”

Needs must they humour him then, whispering,  
“Mad once more!”

As they heard him speak to the sailors, and saw  
him rowed from the shore.

Small room to parley or caution, and smaller use  
to deplore;

When a strong man comes to his stronghold, fate  
must yield him the door.

Lightly he stood in the boat, when the bending  
rowers rowed;



And the wind and the tide and the sun freshened  
and sparkled and glowed.

There lay the sea before him fair as an open road.

Last they saw of the King was at the helmsman's  
side,

Gay in the light of adventure, while the vessel  
swung on the tide.

With a song they hove her anchor; the sails  
drew taut and free;

And she heeled to the wind and lessened on the  
long blue slope of the sea.

v.

The sun came up, the sun went down, the tide  
drew out and in,

But never a word that seaport heard from for-  
eigner or kin,

Rower, merchant, or sailorman, or the gypsies of  
the sea,

Whither their prince had vanished, or what his  
fate might be;

Till a thousand suns had circled, and twice a  
thousand tides

Had swung the swaying harbour buoys and  
brimmed through the channel guides.

Then through a winter twilight when the sun  
was a disk of red,

The keen-eyed watcher beheld, as he gazed from  
the harbour-head,

A moving speck like a seahawk crossing that targe  
of flame;

And beating up from the sea-rim the gypsy  
galleon came.

And why is she decked with pennons, and  
trimmed with cloth of gold?

And what are these scarlet trappings the harbour  
folk behold?

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

What means her glory of banners fluttering on  
the breeze,

Brave as the coloured autumn that is the pride  
of the trees?

Has she rifled a sea-king's treasure and plundered  
the isles of the seas?

Slowly she passed the entry, the white sails low-  
ered and furled,

And there was our long-lost truant from the  
other side of the world.

On the deck he stood, the figure of a man to  
make men bold,

A browned and hardy master, as debonair as of  
old,

The strength of his hands as aforetime, the  
scholar's light on his brow,

But something passing knowledge in his look and  
bearing now,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

The calm of a radiant purpose, the joy of unerring quest,

The poise of perfected being when the soul attains her best.

He had ruled with power and pleasure, he had searched and found out lore;

And now his unfainting spirit had discovered the one thing more.

But the curious eye forsook him to greet with amazed regard

Another who stood at the taffrail by the sheet of the great main-yard;

Fine as a mast in stature, eager, unflinching, and free,

With hair like the sun's raw gold and eyes like crumbs of the sea;

Straight-browed — the imperial bearing of one who is born to sway,

Deep-bosomed with all the ardour that kindles  
our wondrous clay;

Regent of glad dominions, a sea-trove out of the  
vast

Wide welter of life. "A hostage fit for our king  
at last!"

Threefold is the search for perfection that leads  
through creation's plan —

Through immemorial nature and the restless  
heart of man;

Beauty of shape and colour to gladden and profit  
the eye,

Truth beyond cavil or question to answer the  
reason why,

And the blameless spirit's portion — the joy that  
shall not die.

The dauntless soul must wander to accomplish  
and attain

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

This balance of all her powers by the lead of  
love, or remain

A stranger to peace forever in sorrow, defeat, and  
pain.

Flushed with the cheers of welcome, lightly the  
king, all pride,

Handed the girl, all beauty, over the vessel's side.

Then in a lull of their salvos, to the wondering  
crowd that rings

The pierhead, eager to question, "Our queen,"  
said the sanest of kings.

## ACROSS THE COURTYARD.

That is the window over there  
With the closed shutters and the air  
Of a deserted place, like those  
Abandoned homesteads whose repose  
Haunts us with mystery. Inside  
Who knows what tragedy may hide?

This window has been sealed up so  
A fortnight now. A month ago  
Just about dusk you should have seen  
The vision I saw smile and lean  
From that same window. Spring's return,  
When daffodils and jonquils burn  
Under the azure April day,  
Is not more lovely nor more gay.



The world — at least, our artist world  
Where tubes are pinched and brushes twirled  
In the long task to reproduce  
God's masterpieces for man's use —  
Knows Jacynth for the loveliest  
Of all its models and the best.  
Why, half the portraits in the town,  
From Mrs. Bigwig, Jr.'s down,  
Have that same perfect taper hand.  
(If you have wit to understand  
A woman's vanity, you know  
Why they should wish to have it so),  
Those same long fingers smooth and round,  
Faultless as petals, and not found  
Twice in a generation. Well,  
They're Jacynth's. But you need not tell  
The trick. In this world art must live  
On what the world's caprice will give.

Delightful folly! But far more  
Delightful beauty we adore  
And follow humbly day by day,  
Her difficult, enchanted way.  
(Dear beauty, still beyond the reach  
Of paint, or music, or of speech!)  
We toil and triumph and despair,  
Then on a morn look up, and there  
Some girl goes by, or there's a dash  
Of colour on the clouds — a flash  
Of inspiration caught between  
Chinks in the workshop's grey routine.  
One hint of glory through the murk,  
And God has criticized our work.

So we plod on, and so one day  
It happened toward the end of May,  
When the long twilight comes, and when  
Our northern orchards bloom again —  
Even our poor old courtyard tree,

Knowing the time that bids him be  
One of the hosts that leaf and sing  
In the revival of the spring,  
Dons his green robe of joy. You know  
How idle, then, a man will grow.  
I had been sitting lost in thought  
Of how our best dreams come to naught,  
And we are left mere daubers still  
For want of knowledge, lack of skill —  
So many of us are, I mean!  
The door was open, and the screen  
And curtains turned back everywhere  
For the first breath of summer air,  
That came in like a wanderer  
From far untroubled lands, to stir  
The prints along the wall, and bring  
Our dreams of greatness back with spring.

Suddenly, I looked up, aware  
Before I looked, of some one there —

You know how. In the doorway stood  
A tall girl dressed in black. How good  
A scrap of actual beauty is,  
After our unrealities!  
The copper-coloured hair; the glint  
Of tea-rose in her throat's warm tint;  
The magic and surprise that go  
With level blue-grey eyes; the slow  
Luxurious charm of poise and line,  
Half-Oriental, half-divine,  
And altogether human. Oh,  
One must have known her then, to know  
How faultless beauty still transcends  
The bound where faultless painting ends.  
But you may gather here and there  
Faint glimpses and reports of her  
In the best work of all the men  
Who painted her as she was then,  
Splendid and wonderful. To me,  
For colour and for symmetry,

In her young glory there she seemed  
The flame-like one of whom they dreamed  
Who worshipped beauty in old days  
With singleness of joy and praise ;  
Some great Astarte come to bless  
This old world with new loveliness ;  
My own ideal come to life,  
After the failure and the strife,  
To prove I dreamed not all in vain  
In poverty beside the Seine.

There came a sudden leap at heart  
That made my pulses stop and start,  
The surge and flood of sense that sweep  
Over our nature's hidden deep,  
When we look up and recognize  
Our vision in an earthly guise.  
Then reason must resign control  
To the indubitable soul,

Put off despair, arise and dance  
To the joy-music of romance.

For one great year she posed for me;  
Came in and out familiarly,  
And made the studio her home  
Almost — not quite; for always some —  
What shall I say? — reserve or pride,  
Mysterious and aloof, belied  
By the soft loving languorous mien,  
Invested her, enthroned serene  
Above importunings. Who knows,  
If she had chosen as I chose —  
Flung heart and head and hand away  
On the great venture of a day;  
Poured love and passion and romance  
In the frail mould of circumstance —  
Had she but dared be one of two,  
We might have made the world anew!  
However much it might have cost,

Who knows what good may have been lost,  
What passing great reward?

One day

When work was done she turned to say  
Her soft good night, and tripped down-stair  
With rustling skirts and her fine air  
Of breeziness, humming a catch  
From some street-song. I heard the latch  
Click after her, and she was gone.  
Next day I waited. It wore on  
To afternoon, and still no sign  
Of peril near this dream of mine.  
A year went by, and not a word  
Of the lost Jacynth could be heard.

May came again; the wind once more  
Was blowing by the open door,  
And I saw something over there  
Across the yard that made me stare.

Strangers had recently arrived  
On that third floor, and Fate contrived  
One of her small dramatic scenes  
Which make us wonder what life means,  
And whether it is all a play  
For our diversion by the way.  
There at the window I caught sight  
Of a girl's figure. The crisp white  
Of the fresh gown passed and repassed,  
Strangely familiar, till at last,  
"Jacynth, of course! Who else?" I cried.  
And on the instant she espied  
Me watching her; quick as a flash  
And smiling, ran, threw up the sash  
To lean far out. "How do you do,  
My friend?" "Why, Jacynth, how are you,  
After this long, long time?" I said.  
"Thank you, quite well." Her pretty head  
Was tilted up, in every line  
An old medallion rare and fine.



“ Yes, it’s a long time, isn’t it,  
Since that first day I came to sit  
For your great Lilith? Tell me how  
They hung it at the Fair. And now  
That we are neighbours once again,  
Do come to see me.” It was plain  
From the unwonted vanity  
Of tone, as she ran on to me,  
Some strange ambition, plan, or hope  
Had come to give her pride new scope.  
Somehow she had acquired the chill  
Of worldliness; I missed the thrill  
Of eager radiance she had  
When we were comrades free and glad.  
Some volatile and subtle trace  
Of soul had vanished from her face,  
Leaving the brilliancy that springs  
From polished and enamelled things.  
The beauty of the lamp still shone  
With lustre, but the flame was gone.

There was so evident in her  
The smug complacent character  
Of prosperous security,  
That when, with just a flick at me,  
She added, gaily as before,  
“ It isn't Jacynth any more,  
It's Mrs. ” — some one — here was I,  
Too much astonished to reply,  
Before she vanished. From that day  
The rest is blank, think what you may.  
There is her window, as you see,  
Closed on a teasing mystery.

I think, as I recall her here,  
How much life means beyond the mere  
Safety, convenience, and the pose  
Respectability bestows;  
The beauty of the questing soul  
In every face, beyond control  
Is dimmed by wearing any mask

That dull conformity may ask.  
How almost no one understands  
The unworldliness that art demands!  
How few have courage to retain  
Through years of doubtful stress and strain  
The resolute and lonely will  
To follow beauty, to fulfil  
The dreams of their prophetic youth  
And pay the utmost price of truth!  
How few have nerve enough to keep  
The trail, and thread the dark and steep  
By the lone lightning-flash that falls  
Through sullen murky intervals!  
How many faint of heart must choose  
The steady lantern for their use,  
And never, without fear of Fate,  
Be daring, generous and great!

Where is she now? What sudden change  
Clouded our day-dream? Love is strange!

## A NEIGHBOUR'S CREED.

*"Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent."*

### I.

All day the weary crowds move on  
Through the grey city's stifling heat,  
With anxious air, with jaded mien,  
To strife, to labour, to defeat.

But I possess my soul in calm,  
Because I know, unvexed by noise,  
Somewhere across the city's hum  
Your splendid spirit keeps its poise.

II.

Because I see you bright and brave,  
I say to my despondent heart,  
“Up, loiterer! Put off this guise  
Of gloom, and play the sturdier part!”

Three things are given man to do:  
To dare, to labour, and to grow.  
Not otherwise from earth we came,  
Nor otherwise our way we go.

Three things are given man to be:  
Cheerful, undoubting, and humane,  
Surviving through the direst fray,  
Preserving the untarnished strain.

Three things are given man to know:  
Beauty and truth and honour. These  
Are the nine virtues of the soul,  
Her mystic powers and ecstasies.

---

A NEIGHBOUR'S CREED

---

And when I see you bravely tread  
That difficult and doubtful way,  
“Up, waverer; wilt thou forsake  
Thy comrade?” to my soul I say.

Then bitterness and sullen fear,  
Mistrust and anger, are no more.  
That quick gay step is in the hall;  
That rallying voice is at the door.

## TO ONE IN DESPAIR.

### I.

O die not yet, great heart; but deign  
A little longer to endure  
This life of passionate fret and strain,  
Of slender hope and joy unsure!

Take Contemplation by the sleeve,  
And ask her, "Is it not worth while  
To teach my fellows not to grieve, —  
To lend them courage in a smile?"

"Is it so little to have made  
The timorous ashamed of fear, —  
The idle and the false afraid  
To front existence with a sneer?"

---

TO ONE IN DESPAIR

---

For those who live within your sway  
Know not a mortal fear, save one, —  
That some irreparable day  
They should awake, and find you gone.

II.

Live on, love on! Let reason swerve;  
But instinct knows her own great lore,  
Like some uncharted planet's curve  
That sweeps in sight, then is no more.

Live on, love on, without a qualm,  
Child of immortal charity,  
In the great certitude and calm  
Of joy free-born that shall not die.

III.

We dream ourselves inheritors  
Of some unknown and distant good,



That shall requite us for the faults  
Of our own lax ineptitude.

But soon and surely they may come,  
Whom love makes wise and courage free,  
Into their heritage of joy, —  
Their earth-day of eternity.

IV.

The thought that I could ever call  
Your name, and you would not be here,  
At moments sweeps my soul away  
In the relentless tide of fear;

Then from its awful ebb returns  
The sea of gladness strong and sure.  
By this I know that love is great;  
By this I know I shall endure.

v.

When I shall have lain down to sleep,  
I pray no sound to break my rest.  
No seraph's trumpet through the night  
Could touch my weary soul with zest.

But oh, beyond the reach of thought  
How I should waken and rejoice,  
To hear across the drift of time  
One golden echo of your voice!

## AT THE GREAT RELEASE.

When the black horses from the house of Dis  
Stop at my door and the dread charioteer  
Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go  
On the far solitary unknown way  
Where all the race of men fare and are lost,  
Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal leaves  
Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

Though a chill draught of fear may quell my soul  
And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp  
In the great gusty hall of some old king,  
Only one mordant unassuaged regret,  
One passionate eternal human grief,

Would wring my heart with bitterness and tears  
And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant days,  
Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,  
Nor sweet companions of the idle hour  
Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad sound  
Of children's voices playing in the dusk;  
All these I could forget and bid good-bye  
And pass to my oblivion nor repine.

Not the green woods that I so dearly love,  
Nor summer hills in their serenity,  
Nor the great sea mystic and musical,  
Nor drone of insects, nor the call of birds,  
Nor soft spring flowers, nor the wintry stars;  
To all the lovely earth that was my home  
Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

---

AT THE GREAT RELEASE

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But not, oh, not to one strong little hand,  
To one droll mouth brimming with witty words,  
Nor ever to the unevasive eyes  
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the world  
With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!  
Ah, Destiny, against whose knees we kneel  
With prayer at evening, spare me this one woe!

## MORNING AND EVENING.

When the morning wind comes up the mountain,  
Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley,  
And, before the paling stars have vanished,  
The first tawny thrush disturbs the twilight  
With his reed-pipe, eerie calm and golden —  
The earth-music marvellous and olden —

Then good fortune enters at my doorway,  
And my heart receives the guest called Gladness;  
For I know it is that day of summer  
When I shall behold your face ere nightfall,  
And this earth, as never yet in story,  
Ledge to hill-crest dyed in purple glory.

When the evening breath draws down the valley,  
And the clove is full of dark blue shadows  
Moving on the mountain-wall, just silvered  
By the large moon lifted o'er the earth-rim,  
At the moment of transported being,  
When soul gathers what the eyes are seeing,

Sense is parted like a melted rain-mist,  
And our mortal spirits run together,  
Saying, "O incomparable comrade!"  
Saying, "O my lover, how good love is!"  
Then the twilight falls; the hill-wind hushes;  
Note by note once more the cool-voiced thrushes.

## IN AN IRIS MEADOW.

Once I found you in an iris meadow  
Down between the seashore and the river,  
Playing on a golden willow whistle  
You had fashioned from a bough in springtime, —  
Piping such a wild melodious music,  
Full of sunshine, sadness and sweet longing,  
As the heart of earth must have invented,  
When the wind first breathed above her bosom,  
And above the sea-rim, silver-lighted,  
Pure and glad and innocent and tender,  
The first melting planets glowed in splendour.

There it was I loved you as a lover,  
Then it was I lost the world forever.



For your slender fingers on the notches  
Set free more than that mere earthly cadence,—  
Loosed the piercing stops of mortal passion,—  
Touched your wood-mate with the spell of  
wonder,

And the godhead in the man awakened.  
Virgin spirit with unsullied senses,  
There was earth for him all new-created,  
In a moment when the music's rapture  
Bade soul take what never thought could capture:

Just the sheer glad bliss of being human,  
Just the large content beyond all reason,  
Just the love of flowers, hills and rivers,  
Shadowy forests and lone lovely bird-songs  
When the morning brightens in the sea-wind;  
And beyond all these the fleeting vision  
Of the shining soul that dwelt within you,  
(Magic fragrance of the meadow blossom)  
All the dear fond madness of the lover.

These, all these the ancient wood-god taught me  
From the theme you piped and the wind brought  
me.

Was it strange that I should stop the playing?  
Was it strange that I should touch the blossom?  
Must (a man's way!) see whence came the music,  
Must with childish marvel count the petals?  
O but sweet were your uncounted kisses!  
Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings,  
When your great eyes swept me, then went sea-  
ward,  
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning,  
And the little head must seek this shoulder!  
Then we heard once more the wood-god's meas-  
ure,  
And strange gladness filled the world's great  
leisure.

## A LETTER FROM LESBOS.

More beloved than ever yet was mortal!  
Oh, but doubt not, lover, I do love thee!  
When he wrote these words, bitter and lonely  
Was that tender heart in wintry Lesbos.  
Kindly gods but speed my journey thither,  
(How the wind burns from the scorching desert,  
Through the scarlet beds of scentless blossom!)  
And make fortunate that swift home-coming!  
For I fret in this Egyptian exile,  
Too long parted, sickening for the home-wind  
And the first white gleam of Mitylene.

Blessed words to brave the stormy sea-way!  
In this stifling city's sultry languor

I must now with joy and tears and longing,  
Now the hundredth time at least re-read them:

*It is the bitter season of the year;  
The mournful-piping sea-wind is abroad  
With driving snow and battle in the air,  
Shaking the stubborn roof-tree gust by gust;  
And under the frost-grey skies without a sun  
Cold desolation wraps the wintry world.*

*And I, my Gorgo, keep the fireside here,  
Chill-hearted, brooding, visited by doubt,  
Wondering how Demeter or wise Pan  
Will work the resurrection of the spring,  
Serene and punctual at the appointed time,  
With the warm sun, the swallows at the eaves,  
The slant of rain upon the purple hill,  
The flame-like crocus by the garden wall,  
The light, the hope, the gladness all returned  
With maidens singing the Adonis song!*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*But ah, more doubtful sad and full of fear  
There comes to me, disconsolate and lone,  
The thought of thee, my Gorgo, lovelier  
Than any premonition of the spring.*

*I seem to see that radiant smile once more,  
The heaven-blue eyes, the crocus-golden hair,  
The rose-pink beauty passionate and tall,  
Dear beyond words and daring with desire,  
For which thy lover would fling life away  
And traffic the last legacy of time.*

*Ah, Gorgo, too long absent, well I know  
The sun will shine again and spring come back  
Her ancient glorious golden-flowered way,  
And gladness visit the green earth once more,  
But where in all that wonder wilt thou be,  
The very soul and spirit of the spring?*

*If the high gods in that triumphant time  
Have calendared no day for thee to come  
Light-hearted to this doorway as of old,  
Unmoved I shall behold their pomps go by, —  
The painted seasons in their pageantry,  
The silvery processions of the moon,  
And all the infinite ardours unsubdued,  
Pass with the wind replenishing the earth.*

*Incredulous forever I must live,  
And, once thy lover, without joy behold  
The gradual uncounted years go by,  
Sharing the bitterness of all things made.*

Ah, not thus! My hot tears sweet and tender,  
And the storm within this heaving bosom,  
Could he see, would tell him what the truth is, —  
How the heart of Gorgo breaks to reach him,  
And her arms are weak with empty waiting  
Through this long monotony of summer.

Gentle spirit, grieve not so, for love's sake!  
How he raves beyond the touch of reason:

*O heart of mine, be hardier for ills,  
Since thou hast shared the sorrows of the gods  
And been partaker of their destiny.  
Have I not known the bitterness that sighed  
In mournful grief upon the river marge,  
And once obscured the lonely shining sun,  
When Syrinx and when Daphne fled away?  
Not otherwise in sorrow did I fare  
Whom Gorgo, loveliest of mortals, loved,  
And whose own folly that same Gorgo lost.*

*O lovers, hear me! Be not lax in love,  
Nor let the loved one from you for a day.  
For time that is the enemy of love,  
And change that is the constant foe of man,  
But wait the turn of opportunity  
To fret the delicate fabric of our life*

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A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*With doubt and slow forgetfulness and grief,  
Till he who was a lover once goes forth  
A friendless soul to front the joyless years,  
A brooding unaccompanied wanderer  
Beneath the silent and majestic stars.*

Now what folly waits on brooding passion!  
Truly not in solitude do mortals  
Reach the height and nobleness of heroes.  
Can it be so swiftly fades remembrance?  
Oh, my fond heart prompt him! This is better:

*The red flower of the fire is on the hearth,  
The white flower of the foam is on the sea.  
The golden marshes and the tawny dunes  
Are gleaming white with snow and flushed with  
rose*

*Where the pure level wintry sunlight falls.  
In the rose-garden, crimsoning each bough  
Against the purple boulders in the wall,*



*Shine the rose-berries careless of the cold,  
While down along the margin of the sea,  
Just where the grey beach melts to greener grey,  
With mounting wavering combing plunge and  
charge,  
The towering breakers crumble in to shore.*

*Now from that quiet picture of the eye,  
Hark to the trampling thunder and long boom,  
The lone unscansioned and mysterious rote  
Whose cadence marked the building of the world,  
The old reverberant music of the sea!*

*Ah, to what ghostly piping of strange flutes  
Strays in lost loveliness Persephone,  
Heavy at heart, with trouble in her eyes,  
From her deep-bosomed mother far away,  
In the pale garden of Aidoneus now?  
And oh, what delicate piping holds thee, too,  
My Kore of the beauteous golden head?*

*What voice, what luring laughter bid thee stay  
So long from thine own lover and so far?  
Who touches with soft words thy tender heart,  
In some bright foreign city far from here,  
My unforgotten Gorgo beautiful?*

Doubting still? O bitterest of absence  
That the moth of doubt should mar the texture  
And fine tissue of the spirit's garment,  
The one garb of beauty which the soul wears, —  
Love, the frailest, costliest of fabrics!  
Ah, doubt not! O lover, lover, lover,  
Who first taught the childlike heart of mortals  
This most false and evil worldly wisdom?  
Blighting as a frost on budded aloes,  
How it blackens love, the golden blossom!  
Would that I could cherish him this instant,  
And dissolve that aching wintry passion  
In the warmth of this impatient bosom!  
By what cruel fate must I be banished

From his lonely bed? In lovely Lesbos  
All my heart is, with its passionate longing,  
O too piteous is the lot of women:

*In the long night I lie awake for hours  
Or sleep the sleep of dreamers without rest.  
For in my soul there is discouragement,  
And cold remorse lays hands upon my heart.  
Now thou art gone, the grey world has no joy,  
But bleak and bitter is the wind of life,  
Cutting this timid traveller to the bone.*

*Not all the gods can ever give me peace,  
Nor their forgiveness make me glad again,  
For I have sinned against my own great soul  
And cherished far too little thy great love.  
Brave was thy spirit, glad and beautiful,  
Nor ever faltered nor was faint of heart  
In the fair splendid path of thy desire.  
Even as I speak there comes a touch of shame,*

*Like a friend's hand upon my shoulder laid,  
To think such moody and unmanly words  
Could ever pass the mouth thy mouth has pressed.*

*Remembrance wakes. I hear the long far call  
To fortitude and courage in the night  
From my companions of the mighty past,  
All the heroic lovers of the world.*

*Hast thou not had a sudden thought of me,  
Unanxious, gay and tender with desire,  
O thou beloved more than all mortal things?  
For in my heart there was a sudden sense  
Just now with presage of returning joy,  
As when the wood-flowers waken to the sun  
And all their lovely ardours rearise,  
Or when the sinking tide from utmost ebb  
With one long sob summons his might once more.*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*Out of this winter will put forth one day  
The incommunicable germ of spring,  
The magic fervour that makes all things new,  
When all the golden season will be glad  
With soft south winds and birds and woodland  
flowers*

*And the shrill marshy music of the frogs,  
Piping a chorus to their father Pan.  
Then thou and I shall walk the earth once more  
Delirious with each other as of old,  
And the soft madness lead us far away  
By meadowy roads and through the lilac hills  
To our own province in the lands of love, —  
My new-found Gorgo, heart-throb of the spring.*

Heart of me! Ah, Cyprian deal gently!  
Soon, Oh soon, restore me to my lover,  
That I may repair this outworn habit,  
And re clothe him with thy golden glory,  
Scarlet circumstance and purple splendour, —

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

State and air and pride of the immortals,  
Which these mortal men, by our devising  
And thy favour, wear — with fleeting rapture!  
Fiercer blow, thou fervour of the desert!  
Northward, northward, you hot winds of Nilus,  
More consuming than a smelter's furnace!  
You who do the will of alien Isis,  
To this heart you cannot be unfriendly,  
If I once may loose the sail for Lesbos,  
And along the green and foaming sea-track  
Scud before you, light as any swallow  
Flashing down the long blue slope of springtime.  
O ye home-gods, free me to my lover!

## THE PLAYERS.

We are the players of a play  
As old as earth,  
Between the wings of night and day,  
With tears and mirth.

There is no record of the land  
From whence it came,  
No legend of the playwright's hand,  
No bruited fame

Of those who for the piece were cast  
On that first night,  
When God drew up His curtain vast  
And there was light.

---

THE PLAYERS

---

Before our eyes as we come on,  
From age to age,  
Flare up the footlights of the dawn  
On this round stage.

In front, unknown, beyond the glare  
Vague shadows loom;  
And sounds like muttering winds are there  
Foreboding doom.

Yet wistfully we keep the boards;  
And as we mend  
The blundering forgotten words,  
Hope to the end

To hear the storm-beat of applause  
Fill our desire  
When the dark Prompter gives us pause,  
And we retire.



## THE MANSION.

I thought it chill and lonesome,  
And too far from the road  
For an ideal dwelling,  
When here I first abode.

But yesterday a lodger  
Smiled as she passed my door,  
With mien of gay contentment  
That lured me to explore.

Unerringly she leads me,  
Compassionate and wise,  
Soul of immortal beauty  
Wearing the mortal guise.

She knows from sill to attic  
The great house through and through,  
Its treasures of the ages,  
Surprises ever new.

From room to room I follow,  
Entranced with each in turn,  
Enchanted by each wonder  
She bids my look discern.

She names them: here is First-love,  
A chamber by the sea;  
Here in a flood of noonday  
Is spacious Charity.

Here is a cell, Devotion;  
And lonely Courage here,  
Where child-deserted windows  
Look on the Northern year;

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THE MANSION

---

Friendship and Faith and Gladness,  
Fragrant of air and bloom,  
Where one might spend a lifetime  
Secure from fear of gloom.

And often as we wander,  
I fancy we have neared  
The Master of the Mansion,  
Who has not yet appeared.

## WHO IS THE OWNER?

Who owns this house, my lord or I?  
He in whose name the title runs,  
Or I, who keep it swept and clean  
And open to the winds and suns?

He who is absent year by year,  
On some far pleasure of his own,  
Or I who spend on it so much  
Of willing flesh and aching bone?

What if it prove a fable, all  
This rumour of a legal lord,  
And we should find ourselves in truth  
Owners and masters of the board!

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W H O I S T H E O W N E R ?

---

What if this earth should just belong  
To those who tend it, you and me!  
What if for once we should refuse  
His rental to this absentee?

O friends, no landlord in the world  
Could love the place as well as I!  
Love is the owner of the house,  
The only lord of destiny.

## THE FAIRY FLOWER.

There's a fairy flower that grows  
In a corner of my heart,  
And the fragrance that it spills  
Is the sorcery of art.

I may give it little care,  
Neither water it nor prune,  
Yet it suddenly will blow  
Glorious beneath the moon.

I may tend it night and day,  
Taking thought to make it bloom;  
Yet my efforts all will fail  
To avert the touch of doom.

---

THE FAIRY FLOWER

---

When it dies, my little flower,  
You may take my life as well;  
Though I live a hundred years,  
I shall have no more to tell.

YVANHOÉ FERRARA.

*Teach me, of little worth, O Fame,  
The golden word that shall proclaim  
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.*

I would that I might rest me now,  
As once I rested long ago,

In the dim purple summer night,  
On scented linen cool and white,

Lulled by the murmur of the sea  
And thy soft breath, Yvanhoé.

What cared we for the world or time,  
Though like a far-off fitful chime,



We heard the mournful anchored bell  
Above the sunken reef foretell

That time should pass and pleasure be  
No more for us, Yvanhoé!

We saw the crimson sun go down  
Across the harbour and the town,

Dyeing the roofs and spars with gold;  
But all his magic, ages old,

Was not so wonderful to me  
As thy gold hair, Yvanhoé.

Between the window and the road  
The tall red poppies burned and glowed;

They moved and flickered like a flame,  
As the low sea-wind went and came;

But redder and more warm than they,  
Was thy red mouth, Yvanhoé.

I think the stars above the hill  
Upon the brink of time stood still;

And the great breath of life that blows  
The coal-bright sun, the flame-bright rose,

Entered the room and kindled thee  
As in a forge, Yvanhoé —

Prospered the ruddy fire, and fanned  
Thy beauty to a rosy brand,

Till all the odorous purple dark  
Reeled, and thy soul became a spark

In the great draught of Destiny  
Which men call love, Yvanhoé.

The untold ardour of the earth  
That knows no sorrow, fear nor dearth,

Before the pent-up moment passed,  
Was glad of all its will at last —

And more, if such a thing could be —  
In thy long kiss, Yvanhoé.

For years my life was bright and glad,  
Because of the great joy we had ;

Until I heard the wind repeat  
Thy name behind me in the street,

Like a lost lyric of the sea,  
“Yvanhoé, Yvanhoé.”

But now the day has no desire ;  
The scarlet poppies have no fire ;

There is no magic in the sun  
Nor anything he shines upon;

Only the muttering of the sea,  
Since thou art dead, Yvanhoé.

*Now God on high, be mine the blame,  
If time destroy or men defame  
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.*

THE LOVE-CHANT OF KING  
HACKO

In the time of red October,  
In the hills of the pointed fir,  
In the days of the slanted sunlight  
That ripens cone and burr,  
God gave me a splendid woman —  
A mate for a lord of lands —  
And put the madness on me,  
And left her there in my hands.

In the roving woodland season,  
When the afternoons are still  
And the sound of lowing cattle  
Comes up to the purple hill,

God would speak to His creatures,  
Flower and beast and bird,  
And lays the silence upon them  
To hearken to His word.

In the time of the scarlet maple,  
When the blue Indian haze  
Walks through the wooded valley  
And sleeps by the mountain ways,  
She stood like a beech in the forest,  
Where the wash of sunlight lies,  
With her wonderful beech-red hair  
And her wondering beech-grey eyes.

In the time of the apple harvest,  
When the fruit is gold on the bough,  
She stood in the moted sunshine,  
The orchards remember how —  
Loving, untrammelled and generous,  
Ardent and supple and tall,

Quick to the breath of the spirit  
As a shadow that moves on a wall.

In a yellow and crimson valley,  
At the time of the turning leaf,  
When warm are the tawny fern-beds,  
And the cricket's life is brief,  
I saw the dark blood mantle  
And prosper under the tan,  
Then I knew the power God lent me  
To use, when He made me man.

The world, all being and beauty  
From meadow to mountain-line,  
Awaiting the touch of rapture  
For a meaning and a sign;  
A woman's voice said, "Hacko,"  
Then I knew and could understand  
How love is a greater province  
Than dominion of sea or land.

In the month of golden hillsides,  
When moons are frosty white,  
And the returning Hunter  
Looms on the marge of night,  
Relieving his brother Arcturus,  
Belted, majestic and slow,  
To patrol the Arctic watch-fires  
And sentry the lands of snow,

A core of fire was kindled  
On a hearthstone wide and deep,  
Where the great arms of the mountains  
Put Folly-of-mind to sleep;  
We came without guide or knowledge,  
Silver, array or store,  
Through the land of purple twilight  
To the lodge of the Open Door.



## THE CREATION OF LILITH.

This happened in the Garden  
Ages on ages since,  
When noontide made a pleasant shade  
Of ilex, pear and quince.

The Gardener sat and pondered  
Some beauty rarer still  
Than any he had wrought of earth  
And fashioned to his will.

“ Now who will be her body? ”

“ I,” said the splendid rose,

“ Colour, fire and fragrance,

In imperial repose.”

“ Who will be her two eyes? ”

“ I,” said the flag of blue,

“ Sky and sea all shadowy

Drench me wholly through.”

“ Who will be her bright mouth? ”

“ I,” the carnation said,

“ With my old Eastern ardour

And my Persian red.”

“ Who will be, among you,

The glory of her hair? ”

His glance went reaching through the noon;

The marigold was there.

“ Who will be her laughter,

Her love-word and her sigh? ”

Among the whispering tree-tops

A breath of wind said, “ I.”

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THE CREATION OF LILITH

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“ And whence will come her spirit? ”

Answer there was none.

The Gardener breathed upon her mouth,

And lo, there had been done

The miracle of beauty

Outmarvelling the flowers;

While the great blue dial

Recorded the slow hours.

## IN A FAR COUNTRY.

In a land that is little traversed,  
Beyond the news of the town,  
There lies a delectable Kingdom  
Where the crimson sun goes down,

The province of fruitlands and flowers  
And colour and sea-sounds and love.  
If you were queen of that country,  
And I were the king thereof,

We should tread upon scarlet poppies,  
And be glad the long day through,  
Where the bluest skies in the world  
Rest upon hills of blue.

We should wander the slopes of the mountains  
With the wind and the nomad bee,  
And watch the white sails on the sea-rim  
Come up from the curving sea.

We should watch from the sides of the valleys  
The caravans of the rain,  
In trappings of purple and silver,  
Go by on the far-off plain.

And they all should be freighted with treasure,  
The vision that gladdens the eye,  
The beauty that betters the spirit  
To sustain it by and by.

We should hear the larks' fine field-notes  
Breaking in bubbly swells,  
As if from their rocking steeples  
The lilies were ringing their bells;

We should hear invisible fingers  
Play on the strings of the pines  
The broken measure whose motive  
Only a lover divines;

The music of Earth, the enchantress,  
The cadence that dwells in the heart  
Against the time of oblivion,  
To bid it remember and start.

And nothing should make us unhappy,  
And no one should make us afraid,  
For we should be royal lovers  
In the land where this plot is laid.

And with night on the almond orchards  
We should lie where warm winds creep,  
Under the starry tent-cloth  
Hearing the footfall of Sleep.

SONG OF THE FOUR  
WORLDS.

I.

Is it northward, little friend?  
And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are people who are loyal to the glory of  
their past,  
Who held by heart's tradition, and will hold it  
to the last;  
Who would not sell in shame  
The honour of their name,  
Though the world were in the balance and a  
sword thereon were cast.

Oh, there the ice is breaking, the brooks are  
    running free,  
A robin calls at twilight from a tall spruce-tree,  
And the light canoes go down  
Past portage, camp and town,  
By the rivers that make murmur in the lands  
    along the sea.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
I cannot bind my little heart with loves of yes-  
    ter year."

II.

Is it southward, little friend?  
"Lover, what is there?"

There are men of many nations who were sick  
    of strife and gain,



And only ask forgetfulness of all the old world's  
pain.

There Life sets down her measure  
For Time to fill at leisure  
With loveliness and plenty in the islands of the  
main.

Oh, there the palms are rustling, the oranges are  
bright;  
In all the little harbour towns the coral streets  
are white;  
The scarlet flowers fall  
By the creamy convent wall,  
And the Southern Cross gets up from sea to  
steer the purple night.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
I should weary of the beauty that is changeless  
all the year."

III.

Is it eastward, little friend?

And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are rivers good for healing, there are  
temples in the hills,

There men forsake desire and put by their earthly  
wills;

And there the old earth breeds

Her mystic mighty creeds

For the lifting of all burdens and the loosing  
of all ills.

Oh, the tents are in the valley where the shadows  
sleep at noon,

Where the pack-train halts at twilight and the  
spicy bales are strewn,

Where the long brown road goes by

To the cut against the sky,

And is lost within the circle of the silent, rosy  
moon.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
For my faith is warm and living, not unearthly,  
old and sere."

IV.

Is it westward, little friend?  
"Lover, what is there?"

There are men and women who are sovereigns  
of their fate,  
Who look Despair between the eyes and know  
that they are great;  
Who will not halt nor quail  
On the eager endless trail,  
Till Destiny makes way for them and Love un-  
bars the gate.

Oh, there the purple lilies are blowing in the sun,  
And the meadow larks are singing — a thousand,  
if there's one!

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SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

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And the long blue hills arise  
To the wondrous dreamy skies,  
For the twisted azure columns of the rain to rest  
upon.

And she said, "It is not there,  
For I love you, love you dear.  
Oh, shut the door on Sorrow, for the Four  
Great Worlds are here!"

## STREET SONG AT NIGHT.

There's many a quiet seaport that waits the  
daring sail ;

There's many a lonely farer by many a doubtful  
trail.

And what should be their star

To lead them safe and far, —

What guide to take them o'er the crest, what  
pilot past the bar, —

Save Love, the great adventurer who will not  
turn nor quail?

As a voyager might remember how the face of  
earth was changed, —

All the dreary grey of winter forgotten and  
estranged, —

When he rode the tempest through  
And steered into the blue  
Of a tranquil tropic morning diaphanous and  
new,  
With palms upon the sea-rim where the flying-  
fishes ranged ;

As a lover in old story on a night of wind and  
rain  
Might have stood beneath a window, till a lamp  
should light the pane  
And a lady lean one arm  
On the glowing square and warm, —  
A girlish golden figure in a frame of dark and  
storm, —  
To look the longest moment ere he turned to  
life again,

Then set a stubborn shoulder to wind and sleet  
and snow,

With the weather foul above him and the pavement fowl below;  
So it happened in my case;  
When I saw her, every trace  
Of doubt and fear and languor to the pulse of joy gave place,  
And the world was great and goodly as he planned it long ago.

There's a shipman who goes sailing where the sea is round and high;  
There's a lover who goes piping where winds of morning cry;  
And the lilt beneath his heart  
Was timed to stop and start,  
Till no more ships go sailing and the green hills fall apart.  
O, friends, that minstrel-lover, that mariner am I.

## THE LEAST OF LOVE.

Only let one fair frail woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead, —  
World, withhold your best of praises!  
There are better things instead.

Shall the little fame concern me,  
Or the triumph of the years,  
When I keep the mighty silence,  
Through the falling of her tears?

I shall heed not, though 'twere April  
And my field-larks all returned,  
When her lips upon these eyelids  
One last popped kiss have burned.



Painted hills shall not allure me,  
Mirrored in the painted stream;  
Having loved them, I shall leave them,  
Busy with the vaster dream.

Only let one dear dark woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead,  
I shall be content with beauty  
And the dust above my head.

Yet when I shall make the journey  
From these earthly dear abodes,  
I have four things to remember  
At the Crossing of the Roads.

How her hand was like a tea-rose;  
And her low voice like the South;  
Her soft eyes were tarns of sable;  
A red poppy was her mouth.

Only let one sweet frail woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead, —  
Gently for her gentlest lover, —  
More than all will have been said.

Be my requiem the rain-wind;  
And my immortality  
But the lifetime of one heartache  
By the unremembering sea!

## A MAN'S LAST WORD.

Death said to me,  
"Three things I ask of thee;  
And thy reply  
Shall make thee or undo thee presently."

I said, "Say on,  
Lord Death, thy will be done.  
One answers now,  
To bribe and fear indifferent as thou."

He said, "Behold,  
My power is from of old.  
The drunken sea  
Is but a henchman and a serf to me.

“ Hunger and war  
My tireless sleuth-hounds are.  
Before my nod  
The quailing nations have no help but God.

“ What hast thou found,  
In one life's little round,  
Stronger than these? ”  
I said, “ One little hand-touch of Marie's.”

He said, “ Again:  
Of all brave sights to men —  
The glittering rain,  
A towering city in an autumn plain,

“ An eagle's flight,  
A beacon-fire at night,  
The harvest moon,  
The burnish of a marching host at noon —

“What hast thou seen  
In one life's small demesne,  
Fairer than these?”  
I said, “That supple body of Marie's.”

He said, “Once more:  
Of all men labour for,  
Battle and yearn,  
And spend their blessed days without return —

“Leisure or wealth,  
Or power or sun-tanned health,  
A bruited name,  
Or the sad solace of a little fame —

“What hast thou known,  
In one life's narrow zone,  
Dearer than these?”  
I said, “One little love-kiss of Marie's.”

And then Death said,  
"To-day among the dead  
Thou shalt go down,  
And with the wise receive thy just renown."

## A MIDWINTER MEMORY.

Now the snow is on the roof,  
Now the wind is in the flue,  
Beauty, keep no more aloof,  
Make my winter dreaming true,  
Give my fancy proof.

How the year runs back to June,  
To the day I saw you first!  
In the sultry afternoon  
There the mountains lay immersed  
In a summer swoon.

In the orchard with your book,  
I can see you now as then —

That serene and smiling look,  
Far away and back again,  
While my spirit shook.

Now the frost is on the pane,  
And the winter on the sea,  
Gold across the iron strain,  
Thought of you comes back to me,  
Like a lost refrain.

What a voice it was I heard!  
All your j's were soft as d's,  
Like the nest-notes of a bird,  
And your fingers clasped your knees,  
As you smiled each word.

Well I knew you for the one  
Sought so long and never found,  
In this country of the sun,



All these burning summers round.  
There, the search was done!

Now the dark is at the door;  
Now the snow is on the sill;  
And for all I may deplore,  
Time must have his ancient will —  
Mar one lover more.

## AN ANGEL IN PLASTER.

Dear smiling little snub-nosed baby face  
With angel wings,  
Be thou the guardian of this house, and grace  
Its sublunary things.

Look laughing down, O blessed babe, and lend  
That guileless charm,  
That beaming joy, to sweeten and defend  
Our dwelling from all harm.

Bid sorrow shun the threshold of this door,  
And memory  
Cease in this place forever to deplore  
What has been — and must be.

Come sun or storm, come merriment or tears,  
No care can fret  
Thy radiant spirit, nor the heavy years  
Invade it with regret.

Surely thou art a traveller from a land  
That knows no grief!  
The life of men thou canst not understand —  
So turbulent, so brief.

Yet thou must tarry here, thou darling one,  
To smile and bring  
Thoughts of the world's fair youth, a fadeless sun  
And a perpetual spring.

THE END.









## Date Due

-4. JAN. 1971

DEC 17 1970

YORK FEB 9 1972

YORK FEB 10 1972



